



Laurel and Harpy in "The Music Box"



trollcatz



trollcatz

<https://trollcatz.livejournal.com/>

2008-12-22 19:23:00

MOOD:  accomplished

Now that we own the place we're living in, T. has decided we have Stability, and can be counted on to remain more or less in one place for a while. On Friday, she announced she wanted to move her grandmother's spinet upright piano out of storage and into our living room.

"You can play the piano?" I said.

"See? You wouldn't know, would you? Because we've never had a piano."

"I'll look up the movers," I said, reaching for the yellow pages.

"We can do it ourselves, I bet. It's a small piano."

"It's a piano," I said. "In cartoons they drop them out of buildings and squash people to jelly on the sidewalk."

"It's not as if we're moving it to the top floor. It's a straight shot up the front stairs, into the hall, and to the living room. We'll get a ramp."

"Wouldn't it be better if we got four strong guys and a truck along with the ramp?"

"Don't be a wuss," said my beloved.

That, of course, is the magic word. I stopped talking like a character in an Aaron Sorkin TV show and gave in.

I had visions of looking mighty and buff and Amazonian. Hah.

The rented truck had a ramp. Which wasn't quite as wide as the wheelbase on the piano. So we put the piano back in the storage

unit, drove the truck to the lumber yard, and bought two very heavy sheets of plywood. We took them back to the storage unit, laid them over the ramp, and, with much unattractive grunting, shoved the piano into the truck.

This is more or less what we did when we got the truck to our street, though the sheer terror of trying to keep a piano from careening down a ramp and flattening one on the blacktop is, I gotta say, not something I need a regular dose of. But the piano was out of the truck, upright on the sidewalk, and all was well.

We plucked up our lovely plywood sheets and headed for our front steps.

Which are narrower than a sheet of plywood.

Those of you who have table saws in your back garden sheds will, perhaps, not immediately recognize the immensity of the problem. Also, where the hell were you on Sunday?

Now we had a piano on the sidewalk and two pieces of plywood that had to go back to the lumber yard to be cut down to the size of our steps. Sheets of plywood will not fit in my car. So T. stayed behind in the cold and the wind, stamping up and down to stay warm, to guard the piano--on reflection, what was the worst that could happen? One of the neighbors might happen by and play it? --while I drove the horrid rental truck, with plywood, back to the lumber yard. Yes, I did remember to measure the steps first.

The guy with the giant plywood-cutting machine must have seen something in my particularly-frazzled expression. "Whatcha doing with this?"

"Using it as a ramp to get a piano up our front stairs."

"How many of you doin' this?"

"Two."

He was solemn and silent for a moment. "Okay. I'm gonna cut this. Then we're goin' over to the rope, and get some web straps. We'll rent you a--" I don't remember the name of the thing, but it sort of locks down on the webbing stuff so you can take up slack as you make it. He showed me how to use it.

I returned with my loot and a chastened expression. It would be

physics and ingenious devices, not my wonderful muscles, that moved that piano.

Hah again. It was all of the above. Plus some embarrassing squeaking and yelling and very, very bad words.

But this morning there was a piano in our living room. And the varnish is only a little scratched in a couple places, as is the paint on the front door. And the piano tuner is coming at four p.m. tomorrow.

And I am still married.

You know, a relationship that can survive moving a piano can survive *anything*.

To celebrate, we've decided to have a Twelfth Night party. Friday night, January 2nd. My co-workers, you may come cross-gartered, cross-dressed, or not, as you prefer. We'll have miscellaneous singing, feasting, festing, and foolishness. T. will invite the best of the professorial lot (some of whom you'll recognize from our ceremony of hitching). And no one is allowed to get the flu and not come, so there.



Thank you

This is Patricia Andreoli, wife of Daphne Worth, who you all knew as Trollcatz. Daphne died

...And there goes the weekend

But hey, we got a day and a half of this one! And I got to sleep in for two whole mornings. Too bad

As a law

enforcement
professional--

46 comments

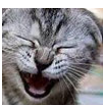


 **standuponit**

December 23 2008, 03:18:28 UTC

COLLAPSE

I'm sorry. I lost everything after "piano."




 **trollcatz**

December 23 2008, 04:51:34 UTC

COLLAPSE

I hate you. You better come to my party.




 [standuponit](#)

[December 23 2008, 13:41:01 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Like I would miss it. T's going to play piano!

(I would have helped you move that, you know.)



 [trollcatz](#)


[December 23 2008, 17:01:43 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

If we'd had a lick of sense, we would certainly have included you in the proceedings. Also maybe even a few other people. But nooooooooooooo. We had to have a "how tough can it be?" moment.

And of course, by the time there was a piano on the sidewalk, it was too late (and too embarrassing) to change course. *g*

There will be eggnog. (Did you see  [themaskmaker](#)'s eggnog recipe today? Brother Alton would be pleased!)



 [standuponit](#)

[December 23 2008, 19:31:51 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Very thin custard!

And me with no stand mixer.




 [trollcatz](#)

[December 23 2008, 20:18:39 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You need someone to stand nearby and admire your purty biceps while you whomp it up with a whisk. Hey, I have a whisk! And I'm great at standing around!



 [standuponit](#)

[December 23 2008, 20:26:08 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...biceps.

I was going to deny it, but I checked, and I have got biceps again. When did that happen?


...now that you have a whisk, you mean?

ducks

(I thought the polka dot ribbon was a nice touch.)

(Do you have a mixing bowl?)



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 23 2008, 20:59:20 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)


I've noticed it's hard to look at my muscles when I'm concentrating on using them. So, yes, surprise! U can has armz! Heee!

(And it happened a few months ago. If I'd realized you hadn't noticed, I'd have pointed them out sooner. Since then they have become more bicepful.)

I would throw my awesome ergonomic-handle whisk at you, but I don't want to hurt it. *g* And of COURSE I have a mixing bowl. We used it for the pancake lesson. It's the big stainless steel one I serve popcorn in, remember?

Hey, I saw a recipe on line for chicken pot pie with a biscuit crust. Doesn't that sound yummy and wintery? I want to make that. (Look at that! I'm so brave!)



 [standuponit](#)

[December 23 2008, 21:08:21 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I want to eat it.

So I think we're in good chicken pot pie shape.

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 [trollcatz](#)

[December 23 2008, 05:08:22 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Ohgawd. Thank you, I consider myself warned now. There will be a contractor. Which may still take two years, but at least we'll be able to unite in scorn and outrage against somebody else. *g*



 [miatauro](#)

[December 23 2008, 06:00:15 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

For us, it was moving her sister into our apartment in one weekend. After finding out that she needed moving at 2 p.m. on Saturday. Just before my wife had to go to work. One week before finals.

We're coming up on 11 years of being together, though the marriage date is squidgier.

 [dremiel](#)

[December 23 2008, 03:20:46 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Hmm, In my world it's "A relationship that can survive assembling and installing a freestanding adjustable basketball goal can survive anything". Or was it insulating and drywalling the garage?

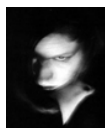
and Piano!



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 23 2008, 05:06:06 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Well, there's going to be some renovating in our future. (I'd like to examine the head of whoever thought there needed to be a hallway down the side of the first floor, instead of just opening the kitchen right into the dining room and the dining room into the living room, like *every other rowhouse in the District...*)



 [kayjayoh](#)

[December 23 2008, 03:37:52 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

<piano envy>

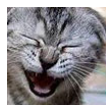
I shall have to make do with a small, foldable marimba and an assortment of tin whistles, until the day when I, too, am landed gentry. ^.^ Then there shall be piano-moving related hijinks of my very own.



 [colomon](#)

[December 23 2008, 04:09:40 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

You know, we have a lovely piano and two people both quite capable of playing it -- but a lot more music gets played on whistle around here. It's just so convenient...



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 23 2008, 05:03:26 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

If I had precognition, I might have offered to buy her a harmonica...



 [colomon](#)

[December 23 2008, 05:43:35 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I've never gotten the knack of playing one note at a time on them, but if I could, I'd probably carry a harmonica everywhere I go. They are sweet little instruments.

 [beatriceeagle](#)

[December 23 2008, 03:41:33 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

For my parents, it was rewiring the guest room. And also taking up the carpet. And installing the baseboards.

Granted, that was after surviving the 25 preceding years of marriage. So maybe there was some other test in there that I didn't know about. *g*




 [trollcatz](#)

[December 23 2008, 05:02:25 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Heeee. They may already have had calluses.


Wait at least a month to call the tuner in the first time.

 [ladycelia](#)

[December 23 2008, 03:46:41 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

In six months, call the tuner again. A piano requires time to acclimate. The wood in the soundboard changes. The first year or so that it's in a new place it will likely require tuning every six months. Then it will stabilize and should only require it once a year.


Re: Wait at least a month to call the tuner in the first time.

 [glinda_w](#)

[December 23 2008, 04:58:17 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yes, that. But that wait a month? When it's been in storage for whatever length of time? If you can afford it, get it tuned right away, then in a month, *then* in six months. 'Cause T is going to want to play it *now*, and hearing it as out of tune as it gets in storage hurts. (Been there, my beloved Winter spinet spent four years on its side in a storage locker.)

Re: Wait at least a month to call the tuner in the first time.

 [trollcatz](#)

[December 23 2008, 05:01:34 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Yeah, exactly. And once we'd decided there would be a party, it seemed a shame to plan to tell guests, "And here's T.'s piano. For godsake, don't hit a key, whatever you do."



 [cjtremlett](#)

[December 23 2008, 04:01:48 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

That's an impressive test of a recent marriage! Ours was moving overseas, followed by being in South Korea for the Asian economic collapse of '97. Oh, and there was a mountain climbing excursion in there, too.

But how awesome to have a piano! I have no musical ability whatsoever, but I have great admiration and respect (and not a little envy) for those who do!



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 23 2008, 04:59:15 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Anything which, in the natural course of events, causes people to scream at each other however good their intentions at the outset, can be considered a reasonable test of a marriage. *g*

All I can say is, I expect piano-playing henceforth.



 [rekre8](#)

[December 23 2008, 04:01:58 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

8 months of living in a van. While traveling.

Harpy-chile, does this mean you are going to learn to play, or just sing along?



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 23 2008, 04:56:38 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

8 months--not bad. Or extremely bad, so yaayy!

No one wants me to sing. Honestly. No one.

 [edschweppe](#)

[December 24 2008, 03:17:06 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

No one wants me to sing. Honestly. No one.

Not that I want to rain on anyone else's self-deprecation ... but I grew up knowing, absolutely **knowing** that the only way I could carry a tune was with a boom box. Couldn't sing worth a damn, that was me. A truly awe-inspiring lack of musical talent.

Then, a few years back, I was sitting around a campfire with a bunch of folks from my new church, and some of the choir members started leading the rest of us in sing-around-the-campfire songs. I started singing along - very quietly, mind you, so as not to ruin everyone else's enjoyment with my abovementioned awe-inspiring lack of musical talent. After a while, the nice old lady sitting next to me - who just happened to be one of the main sopranos in both the church choir and the local community chorus - turned to me and said, "You know, you've got a lovely voice. Why don't you join the church choir?"

My immediate reaction was that she was nuts. Remember that awe-inspiring lack of musical talent that I absolutely **knew** I had? Well, apparently she'd never gotten that memo. The next time she suggested I join the choir, my reaction was again that she was nuts. And the next time, and the next time, and the next. She kept on gently nudging me to try the choir for several months afterward, despite my fervent belief in the awe-inspiring etc. and so forth. Finally, I gave it a shot. And you know what? Turns out I've got a pretty decent bass voice. I don't feel comfortable trying for any solos just yet, but we sound awfully damn good as a choir. Nowadays, when somebody claims that they can't sing, I take that claim with a grain of salt. They may well be right, or they may well be merely **convinced** that they're right.

Besides, I'm enjoying this mental image of you in a long dress cut down to there, lounging on top of a grand piano and singing torch songs to T. as she tickles the ivories.



 [calanthe_b](#)

[December 23 2008, 04:04:52 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

...you have a *piano*. ~envies you mightily~



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 23 2008, 04:55:13 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Well, no, T. has a piano. I have an mp3 player. *g*

 [blackcoat](#)

December 23 2008, 05:35:47 UTC COLLAPSE

And a live in pianist.



 calanthe_b

December 23 2008, 10:25:55 UTC COLLAPSE

But there's a *piano*. In the same *space* as you. Meep?

I haven't lived in the same space as a piano since I was a preteen.

 godream

December 23 2008, 04:26:25 UTC COLLAPSE

Conversation with coworker recently:

I: "So what did you do this weekend?"

He: "I went to Ikea with my wife. And we didn't get divorced."

I: "Nicely done! So, did you also get what you went in for?"

He: "... .. So what did YOU do this weekend?"

You still win though.



 trollcatz

December 23 2008, 04:54:07 UTC COLLAPSE

Heeeeeee. Yes, I've made that same trip to Ikea. Several times.

 glinda_w

December 23 2008, 05:00:44 UTC COLLAPSE

True test of a friendship: having two friends move your piano into and out of storage. The move out was from a third-floor apartment; one friend was involved in both moves.

Oh, and the move-the-Baldwin-Model-5 (IIRC) organ. Oy.

The only way I'm leaving this apartment is feet first, into the morgue or funeral home. *wry*

 blackcoat

December 23 2008, 05:37:20 UTC COLLAPSE

I moved a friend out of his old apt in SF.

85 boxes of books. Down an old rickety set of stairs. Five flights of them.

Then UP four more flights.

 eljefe

December 23 2008, 16:54:43 UTC COLLAPSE

My books are why I can't move ever again. *grin*

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 [glinda_w](#)

[December 23 2008, 17:19:10 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

The friend who helped move the piano both times has reminded me that there were also 124 cartons of books. (And a nice heavy treadle sewing machine...)

I'm told that I'm not allowed to move again - unless I win the lottery and can pay for movers.


 [intelligentrix](#)

[December 23 2008, 05:10:35 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

I had two burly piano movers who managed to shift my full-upright from the truck into the house by what seemed like brute force. It was very impressive. My brother and I had gotten it into the truck in the first place with the judicious application of webbing and come-alongs (those ratchet things).

In any case, mazel tov on the successful installation of the piano! Many happy hours of music to you.



 [trollcatz](#)

[December 23 2008, 17:09:02 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Come-alongs! You'd think I could remember that! But I kept circling the word "pull," and being sure it wasn't right. Thank you!

I wish I'd seen your piano movers at work. Was the company called Herakles and Hephaistos?



 [pdlloyd](#)

[December 23 2008, 05:21:14 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oy! Does this bring back memories. The things some of us will do for music.


I have an old upright, of the full-sized variety, that was delivered to my home by the wife of the man who sold it to me. Somehow, she and I managed to get it up the front steps (six? eight?) of them and into the house. With, yes, a few scratches. We, at least, didn't have to live with each other afterward. Congratulations and happy holidays. :)

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 [trollcatz](#)

[December 23 2008, 21:03:40 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Inspired by  [hernewshoes](#)'s icon below, I think I tell everyone they have to wear striped socks. Guests who do not arrive in striped socks will be provided a pair. (Which is a fun way to give people socks for holiday presents...)

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 [trollcatz](#)

[December 24 2008, 01:11:26 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Must...have...first...pair...

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 [trollcatz](#)

[December 23 2008, 21:05:07 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Honestly, no singing. I *like* you.

Thank you

This is Patricia Andreoli, wife of Daphne Worth, who you all knew as Trollcatz. Daphne died

...And there goes the weekend

But hey, we got a day and a half of this one! And I got to sleep in for two whole mornings. Too bad

As a law
enforcement
professional--